NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

FREEDOM

AN ODE

FOR BARITONE SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

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THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

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FREEDOM.

ARGUMENT.

This is a song of English freedom—of a thing at once gay and solemn, earthly and unearthly. This Freedom is the legacy of the valiant dead, and the charge of the loyal and brave who are or are yet to be. It owes, perhaps, as much to women as to men. It is composite, as our race is—Keltic in its untamed passion, Teutonic in its controlled and ordered principle. It is blended of the wild and mystic hills and the conquered fierceness of the sea. It is less a proud possession than a mighty trust, and we are therein the stewards of the world. And to remain a blessing it must rest for ever upon the Rock Eternal of Duty and Self-control.

SOLO.—(*Baritone.*)

Wood and wold,
Wind and wave,
Mystic grove and runic grave,
Battle bold,
Storm and cold,
Yield the spirits of the brave!
See! the hoary hosts troop forth,
Spirits of the just free North!
Story old
They unfold,
Ever telling, never told,
Freedom is but half unrolled!
Men of Britain, come and sing!
British women, music bring!
Blended races,
Motley faces,
Freedom calls you, thrill and ring!
Sing! dead heroes sing through you
Ghostly chords as old as new.

CHORUS.

Queen Liberty rose,
Amid ice and snows,
On old and awful mountains,
And thirsts for the seas,
And drinks the breeze
That flows from eternal fountains.

O clear is her eye,
Her step is high,
Her track is a royal story,
Her smile is a thrall,
And the brave first fall,
To the spell of its witching glory.

Tenors (*Celts*).

From the mist of magic mornings,
From the trailing cloud-adornings,
From the riot of the hills,
Full of tyrants' doom and warnings,
Full of fierce and Celtic scornings
For the fear that maims and kills,
Down we sweep,
Tryst to keep,
Chieftainess, with thee and leap
To swell the flood of song, like rills.
Like the bolt that cracks and flies,
Through the freeman's vault, the skies,
We too rush thy praise to sing,
Tireless throats on fiery wing.

Basses (*Teutons and Norsemen*).

We are Teuton, we are Norse,
Rule the wave, and ride the horse,
Speak the truth, and flash the sword,
Slay, or die, for love or lord.

Queen divine, we live to praise thee,
Cities for our altars raise thee,
O'er our broad and teeming land.
Thou art Northern, we are Saxon,
Thou art golden, we are flaxen,
Great we are since thou art grand,
'Tis thy wind that fills our sails,
Knights of thine we ride the gales,
Storms but make us,
Calms but break us,
And our soul the tempest hails.
Tarry with us, give us power
In the hot and crucial hour,
Keep thy bright resistless brand,
Justice gleaming in our hand,
Gleaming in our free right hand!

Soprano and Alto.

And wife and maid,
From hill and glade,
And shore of uncurbed ocean,
For each free home
With thanks we come,
And swell the swift commotion.
Liberty and love are one,
Hate by freedom is undone,
Envy withers in thy sun,
Malice ends ere well begun,
Nations in thy mighty name agree,
Want and war shall flee away,
Fear and Pride grow old and grey,
Yea, and Death for thee shall die,
Born to swell thy glory high,
And all that is shall sing thy solemn glee,
As do we!

CHORUS.

And loud and long and proud and strong, with thousand blended voices,
Like all the music of the surf that round our cliffs rejoices,
And like the trumpet-blasts that blow, when pines and peaks are rending,
And like the gales in all the vales, when summer seems unending.

There flow the notes
From patriot throats,
We sing the soul of England;
And may her shore
Still more and more
Of all free shores be king-land.

Then, O great Queen,
Beloved, unseen,
Who foil'st our proud invaders,
And giv'st us grace
To smite the face
Of men who in men are traders,

Defend us still
From crowning ill,
Lest Freedom curse and end us;
From slaving pride
That owns no guide
From our free selves defend us!

Still send us forth
From this fierce North,
With the word of Emancipation;
And the lands shall ring
With the praise they sing
Of the free-souled English nation!

FREEDOM.


Tempo di marcia. Maestoso.
Piano.
♩ = 72.
mf
cres.
dim.
p
Solo. Baritone.
f
Wood and wold, Wind and wave, Mys - tic grove and ru - nic
grave, Bat - tle bold, Storm and cold, Yield the spi - rits of the
brave! See! the
A


hoar - y hosts troop forth, Spi - rits of the just free
North ! Sto - ry old They un - fold, Ev-er tell - ing, nev-er
fp
told, . . Free - dom is but half un - rolled !
mf
Più mosso. ♩ = 88.
B
f
Men of Bri-tain, come and sing ! Bri-tish
cres.
f
wo-men, mu - sic bring ! Blend-ed ra - ces, Mot-ley fa - ces, Free - dom


calls you, thrill and ring! Sing! dead he-roes sing through
f
dim.
you Ghost-ly chords as old as new.
pp
mf
cres.
f
C
CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
mf
f
Queen Lib-er-ty rose, ...
ALTO.
mf
f
Queen Lib-er-ty rose, Queen Lib-er-ty
TENOR.
mf
f
Queen Lib-er-ty rose, Queen Lib-er-ty
BASS.
mf
f
Queen Lib-er-ty rose, Queen Lib-er-ty rose, ...
C
p
cres.
f


dim.
. . A-mid ice and snows, On old and aw-ful mount - - ains,
dim.
rose, A-mid ice and snows, On old and aw-ful mount - - ains,
dim.
rose, A-mid ice and snows, On old and aw-ful mount - - ains,
dim.
. . A-mid ice and snows, On old and aw-ful mount - - ains,
dim.
trem.
f
And thirsts for the seas, And drinks the breeze That flows from e-ter-nal
f
And thirsts for the seas, And drinks the breeze That flows from e-ter-nal
f
And thirsts for the seas, And drinks the breeze That flows from e-ter-nal
f
And thirsts for the seas, And drinks the breeze That flows from e-ter-nal
f
D
fount - - - - ains. O clear is her
fount - - - - ains. O clear is her
fount - - - - ains. O clear is her eye, Her
fount - - - - ains. O clear is her eye, Her
D


eye, Her step is high, Her track . . . is a roy - al
eye, Her step is high, Her track . . . is a roy - al
step is high, Her track, her track is a roy - al
step is high, Her track, her track is a roy - al
sto - ry, Her smile . . is a thrall, And the brave . . first
sto - ry, Her smile . . is a thrall, And the
sto - ry, Her smile . . is a thrall, And the
sto - ry, Her smile is a thrall, And the
fall, To the spell of its witch - ing glo - - ry.
brave first fall, To the spell of its witch - ing glo - - - ry.
brave first fall, To the spell of its witch - ing glo - - - ry.
brave first fall, To the spell of its witch - ing glo - - - ry.


E
Tenor. Tutti. (Celts.)
From the mist of ma - gic morn - ings, From the trail - ing cloud - ad -
- orn - ings, From the ri - ot of the hills, Full of ty - rants' doom and
warn - ings, Full of fierce and Cel - tic scorn-ings For the fear that maims and
kills,
F
Down we sweep, Tryst to keep,


Chief-tain-ess, with thee and leap To swell the flood of song, like
rills. Like the bolt that cracks and flies, Through the free-man's vault, the
skies, We too rush thy praise to sing, Tire-less throats on
fier - y wing.
G
Maestoso, un poco Andante.
Maestoso, un poco Andante. ♩= 80.


Bass. Tutti. (Teutons and Norsemen.)
We are Teu - ton, we are Norse, Rule the wave, and ride the horse, Speak the truth, and flash the sword, Slay or die, for love or lord.
Queen di - vine, we live to praise thee, Cit - ies for our al - tars raise thee O'er our broad and teem - ing land.
Thou art North - ern, we are Sax - on, Thou art gold - en, we are


H
mf
flax - en, Great we are since thou art grand. 'Tis thy
f
p
cres.
cres.
wind that fills our sails, Knights of thine we ride the
f
gales, Storms but make us, Calms but break us, And our
soul the tempest hails.
mf
f
p
cres.
mf
Tar - ry with us, give us power . . In the
p R.H.
cres.
mf


cres.
hot and cru - cial hour, Keep thy bright re - sist-less brand, Jus - tice
f
gleam - ing in our hand, Gleam - ing in our free right
f
f>
L'istesso tempo.
I Soprano.
p
And wife and maid, . . From hill and glade, . . And shore of uncurbed
Alto.
p
And wife and maid, . . From hill and glade, . . And shore of uncurbed
hand!
I L'istesso tempo.
p
cres.
o - cean, For each free home . . With thanks we come, . . And swell the swift com-
cres.
o - cean, For each free home . . With thanks we come, . . And swell the swift com-
cres.
f


mf
- mo - tion.
Lib - er - ty and love are one, . .
mo - tion.
Lib - er - ty and love are one, . .
mf
p
Hate by free - dom is un - done,
Ma - lice
Hate by free - dom is un - done,
En - vy with - ers in thy sun,
cres.
ends ere well be - gun,
Na - tions in thy migh - ty name a - gree, Want and
Na - tions in thy migh - ty name a - gree, Want and
K
war shall flee a - way, Fear and Pride grow old and grey,
Yea, and
war shall flee a - way, Fear and Pride grow old and grey,
Yea, and
f


cres.
Death for thee shall die, Born to swell Thy glo - ry high,
And all that
mf
is shall sing thy sol - emn glee,
p rall.
As do we! . . . .
Allegro moderato e maestoso.
Chorus.
Soprano.
And loud and
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Allegro moderato e maestoso. ♩= 88.
f


long and proud and strong, with thou - sand blend - ed
long and proud and strong, with thou - sand blend - ed
long and proud and strong, with thou - sand blend - ed
long and proud and strong, with thou - sand blend - ed
voi - - ces, Like all the mu - sic of the surf that
voi - - ces, Like all the mu - sic of the surf that
voi - - ces, Like all the mu - sic of the surf that
voi - - ces, Like all the mu - sic of the surf that
sf
round our cliffs re - joi - - ces,
round our cliffs re - joi - - ces,
f
round our cliffs re - joi - - ces, And like the trumpetblasts that blow, when
f
round our cliffs re - joi - - ces, And like the trumpetblasts that blow, when
sf
sf


mf
dim.
poco rit.
And like the gales in all the vales, when sum-mer seems un-end-ing,
mf
dim.
poco rit.
And like the gales in all the vales, when sum-mer seems un-end-ing,
pines and peaks are rend-ing,
pines and peaks are rend-ing,
mf
dim.
poco rit.
M
a tempo.
f
There flow the notes From pa-triot
f
There flow the notes From pa-triot
f
There flow the notes From pa-triot
f
There flow the notes From pa-triot
M
f a tempo.
throats, We sing the soul of Eng-land,
throats, We sing the soul of Eng-land,
f
throats, We sing the soul of Eng-land, And may her
f
throats, We sing the soul of Eng-land, And may her
f


f
And may her shore still more and more Of all free shores be
And may her shore still more and more Of all free shores be
shore still more and more Of all free shores be
shore still more and more Of all free shores be
king - land.
king - land.
king - land.
king - land.
p
cres.
p
N
Ped.
p
Then, O great Queen, Be-loved, un - seen, Who
Then, O great Queen, Be-loved, un - seen, Who
Then, O great Queen, Be-loved, un - seen, Who
Then, O great Queen, Be-loved, un - seen, Who


cres.
foil'st our proud in - va - ders, And giv'st us grace To smite the face Of
men who in men are tra - ders,
De - fend us still From crown-ing ill, . . De-
Defend us
still From crowning ill, De - fend us still, . . de - fend us still, de - fend . . us
De - fend us still From crowning ill, De-fend us
- fend us . . still From crown-ing ill, . . De - fend . . us still, de-fend us
f


sf p f
still From crown-ing ill, Lest Free-dom curse, and end us, From slav - ing
still From crown-ing ill, Lest Free-dom curse, and end us, From
still From crown-ing ill, Lest Free-dom curse, and end us,
still From crown-ing ill, Lest Free-dom curse, and end us,
pride That owns no guide, From slav-ing pride that owns no guide, From
slav - - ing pride That owns no guide, From slav-ing pride, From
From slav - - ing pride That owns no guide, From
From slav - - ing pride That owns no
our free selves de-fend us! Still send us
our free selves de-fend us! Still send us
our free selves de - fend us! Still send us
guide, From our free selves de-fend us! Still send us
ff


forth . . From this fierce North, ... With the
forth . . From this fierce North, ... With the
forth From this fierce North, ... With the
forth . . From this fierce North, ... With the
word of E - man - ci - pa - - - - - tion,
word of E - man - ci - pa - - - - - tion,
word of E - man - ci - pa - - - - - tion,
word of E - man - ci - pa - - - - - tion,
And the lands shall ring . . . With the praise they
And the lands shall ring . . . With the praise they
And the lands shall ring . . . With the praise they
And the lands shall ring . . . With the praise they


sing, . . . Of the free - souled Eng - lish na - - -
sing, . . . Of the free - souled Eng - lish na - - -
sing, . . . Of the free - souled Eng - lish na - - -
sing, . . . Of the free - souled Eng - lish na - - -
- tion, the free - - souled Eng - - lish . .
- tion, the free - - souled Eng - - lish . .
- tion, the free - - souled Eng - - lish . .
- tion, the free - - souled Eng - - lish . .
na - - - - - - - - - tion !
na - - - - - - - - - tion !
na - - - - - - - - - tion !
na - - - - - - - - - tion !